

Taking Its Toll

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Taking Its Toll

by [kibahshi](#)

Summary

"You truly think they would think so poorly of you just because you needed someone to share your heat with?"

Sometimes it's hard to get your charge burnt off in heat. It's even harder when you're captain, and worried about people no longer respecting you if you ask them for help.

Luckily, there's Thunderclash.

Notes

Yet another fill for [@maccadams-filthy-fills](#)!!! Here's the [prompt](#)!!!

"Rodimus/Thunderclash with mating cycles/heat. Rodimus goes into heat but is having some trouble finding a partner (he's the captain so he's worried that the crew won't respect him if they see him in this state) so Thunderclash offers to help him out. Rodimus agrees because obviously he doesn't care about stupid sexy Thunderclash's opinion of him. Roddy can obviously be cranky towards TC no actual hate-sex please"

This was actually super fun to write, as I actually really enjoy plotting for this ship! I can't help but write Thunderclash as a genuinely good person (A Good Boy, Whom I Love) and write my Rodimus as someone who tries to be responsible, but also has some insecurities and intimacy issues at the same time. I also love being able to go a little more in depth with heat fic bc god do I have headcanons galore.

~~I didn't intend for this to be over 11k;;; Ao3 says it isn't, but it is~~

I hope you enjoy this OP!!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"You wanted to see me?"

Stupid Thunderclash. Stupid, stupid, prompt as hell Thunderclash. Rodimus cursed inwardly. Couldn't the mech dawdle or something? Or did he just not want to give Rodimus more opportunity to regret this than he already was?

Rodimus sighed, abandoning where he'd been sitting by his window to turn to the mech, who hadn't taken any further steps into the room than beyond the door.

"Just come in, I guess," Rodimus grouched, rolling his optics before sending a hard look at where the door hadn't closed behind Thunderclash. "And shut that! I told you this was sensitive information! That means no open door where people can... can..."

Thunderclash made a minute gesture of tilting his helm, but still reached behind himself to hit the door's panel. "Eavesdrop?"

Rodimus sneered, curling his lip. "*Gossip*."

Because they'd been eavesdropping, clearly, but whatever. He wasn't here for *Thunderclash's* validation.

But Thunderclash simply nodded, taking it upon himself to make sure the door was locked as well before turning back to Rodimus with nary a glance anywhere else in the room. Just... from the door, and back to Rodimus. Briefly, he could see the bot's vents flare, but if Thunderclash was confused, he said nothing.

"So," he started, looking Thunderclash over where he stood at attention. The focus was... admittedly doing something for him, but he dragged it out. No need to seem so desperate. "You're probably wondering why I asked you here."

Thunderclash nodded seriously. "No one's seen you since you stormed off the bridge three days ago, so I will be the first one to admit that I was worried. It seemed rather out of character for you to seem so..."

Rodimus narrowed his optics. "*So*?"

Thunderclash looked... sympathetic.

'Ew.'

"Shaken up," he continued, then made a spanning gesture – practiced, it had to be, no one gestured to everything that smoothly, the faker – that encompassed the room. "I suppose there was little place else to expect you to be, but I didn't dare to press you for details without invitation."

As he spoke, he hardly looked away from Rodimus, red optics meeting his evenly from across the room and... Hell, the focus was doing wonders for his bruised ego and for the humiliation he was admittedly nursing *from* those few days prior. He drummed his fingers against his cheek, debating the best way to go about this. He let his optics drift shut, bouncing his leg where he'd folded it over his knee.

"I'm in heat," he stated, and Thunderclash laid a hand over his chestplates and let out a heavy sigh. Rodimus opened his optics just to squint at the mech. "What?"

Thunderclash raised his hands in a gesture Rodimus assumed was supposed to have soothed him rather than made his hackles rise. "I apologize, I was simply... *worried* that there was something far worse the matter."

The sincere, genuinely relieved tone of his voice made it even worse, and Rodimus had to bite back a snarl.

"Uh, joke's on you," he curled his lip again, baring his dentae. Thunderclash looked back to him, shocked. "It's a fragging disaster, Blundercrash. Do you know how long I've even *been* in heat?"

"Three days?" Thunderclash asked.

"*Three days!*" It was a challenge to keep his voice from being a shriek, and he forced himself to his feet, ignoring the trembles in his joints. "It's fucking terrible, and I've been trying to juggle this alone by myself all this time!" He threw his hands in the air. "I haven't even been able to recharge, because this stupid fucking code of mine keeps trying to keep me awake!"

Thunderclash raised his hands carefully once more and it was with all the power Rodimus had in him that he held back from *biting his slagging helm off* when he said, "Calm, Rodimus, calm."

"Easy for you to say," he hissed.

The mech tactfully ignored that, instead bringing their optics to meet. Once again, he looked sympathetic. Concerned.

'*Great. Pity.*' That was just what he was slagging asking for.

"So you haven't been to see a medic?" Thunderclash asked, and Rodimus scoffed, folding his arms over his chest, tapping his foot against the floor. Thunderclash nodded. "Then you were seeking a partner. Did they... stand you up?"

Rodimus groaned, pulling his gaze to the ceiling.

"Oh my *god*. There *is no partner*. There's no partner to *have* on this hell ship! They'd all sooner gossip and spread shit about me like how I'm a... a..." He had to raise his voice again, shoving away all chances of quietness or distance, and brought his hands to his hips. "Look, I can't go around sleeping with my crew, okay, much less the people here who don't even have a *job* on the crew. It's not right– it's not *responsible*."

Thunderclash had better get that goddamn sad look off his face before Rodimus singed it off himself.

"You truly think they would think so poorly of you just because you needed someone to share your

heat with?" Thunderclash asked, seemingly oblivious to the peril he was in, and he actually sounded... upset.

Rodimus wasn't sure how to feel about that, and so he shrugged roughly.

"Gossip *spreads*, 'clash– " When had he decided to call him that? Now, apparently. "It doesn't matter what I did or didn't do or what *whoever* may have said, someone's gonna liven up the story, and I'm going to be a laughing stock. I won't *just* be the captain who failed his launch and had a mass murderer brought on ship, I'll be the captain who failed his launch, had a mass murderer brought on the ship, and probably... sucks spike in the engine room, I don't *know*."

"Well I certainly know it isn't you who's doing..." Thunderclash paused, scrunching his optics eyes shut like he was trying to dispel... something, from his memory. "*That* in the engine room."

Rodimus frowned, opening his mouth to speak again, but promptly snapping it back shut. He shook his finger at the mech. "We're talking about that later– "

"Certainly," Thunderclash agreed.

"– but for *now*, you see my dilemma, hm? The problem. The current *lack* of a solution?"

"Would you like me to fetch Magnus?"

Rodimus sputtered. "No! God, are you really *that* dense? I called *you* here, Thunderclash! You! I'm not even remotely *nice* to you!"

"I'm sure you have your reasons."

God. Dammit. Rodimus clutched at his helm, dragging his fingers over his face. He pulled one hand away to wave dismissively.

"Look. *Look*. Whatever. Either way, I need help, and I feel like I can trust you not to say anything, for whatever reason. If you want, we can do this, and I can go back to being the regular ray of light I normally am I just..." He sighed, weary, and voice turning small as he trailed off. He *felt* small, and his body ached from the strain he admittedly was the only one putting it under.

"I need this. I need *help*, and I need someone who won't slander me or hate me enough to make up gross shit about me when my back is turned, okay?" He scrubbed his face with his hands. "I'm already saying too much– "

"I accept."

Rodimus looked up to face the small smile Thunderclash offered, the tilt of his mouth a touch crooked, but still painfully sympathetic, and hopelessly genuine, and Rodimus would deny to his grave that the situation might have made his spark skip just a little. "Huh?"

"I can't deny someone's request for aid, Rodimus, and I hate to see you so miserable."

It sounded almost cheesy to Rodimus's audials; were it anyone else, he'd have been on the floor laughing right now at best, and planting his foot in their face with the threat to shove it up their aft at worst.

With Thunderclash, however, this sort of thing didn't sound cheesy or out of place at all. Maybe it was just how chivalrous Thunderclash was as a person, but it sounded right at home, just like how straightforward and almost guileless he was at times seemed natural, too. Hardly *stupid* and simply...

genuine.

Regardless, his flabbergasted look pulled into a half-scowl, half-pout, and he hiked his shoulders up in his anxiety and folded his arms tight over his chest once more.

"Yeah, well," he muttered, drumming his fingertips on a vambrace. "You better not tell anyone. Ever or, like, anything. You have no idea how godawful it was trying to get up the courage to ask you to come here."

Something he said must have resonated with the mech, because in the next moment, Thunderclash was spurred into action. One of his large, darkly painted hands stopped the nervous drumming playing a song against Rodimus's arm, and he delicately unfurled the fingers with a gentle but insistent press of his thumb before pulling Rodimus's arm away from where he was keeping it close. Rodimus eyed him warily from under the ridge of his helm, but let it happen.

Thunderclash brought forward his other hand, placing it atop the speedster's until only the yellow tips of his fingers could be seen between his counterpart's larger ones.

"I trust our crew, but I can't speak for them," he began, and it was only Rodimus forcing himself to listen that didn't have him scoffing at the statement of 'our'; he'd already had to deal with Optimus naming Megatron captain, and had to deal with being bloody *co*-captain, so one would have to forgive him for being *touchy*.

Unaware to the thoughts swirling in Rodimus's processor, Thunderclash continued.

"However, I *can* speak for myself. Please trust me when I say that never would anything you shared with me in confidence leave this room, much less my lips. I wouldn't dare slander a mech, especially not one that doesn't deserve it."

Rodimus stared because he couldn't help it, but quickly covered it by clearing his throat surreptitiously and tugging his hand back pointedly. He held it close to his chestplates when Thunderclash obligingly opened his hands to relinquish it.

"Well, cool, I guess," he coughed. He rubbed his arm, but didn't fold them again. The one across his middle, just below his chestplates, was enough for him.

He tried for more eloquent words, but, faced with something like... well, *that*, he found himself struggling. How did you even rebound from that? Who did Thunderclash even think he *was*? He looked at the mech, squinting while Thunderclash looked complacently back.

"D-Did you- "

"When were you wanting assistance?"

Thunderclash realized his mistake just a moment too late, and covered his mouth with such delicacy that it was almost contrary to the rest of his image.

Rodimus pinned him with A Look.

"*Don't* interrupt me."

Thunderclash laughed softly. "I'm sorry. We simply both seemed at a loss for words."

All Rodimus could do was let out an irritated hum, but found that it wasn't as cross-sounding as it could have been. He looked Thunderclash over again, half searching for something to rekindle his ire

so that he could be properly indignant. Thunderclash's hands were still in front of him, the fingers of one hand cradling the knuckles of the other, but nothing about his posture or behavior seemed fit to criticize, so Rodimus relented and instead brought the hand near his own chest forward, offering it in... a test, he supposed. Of... *deference*, maybe he wasn't entirely sure. Even now being around Thunderclash made him feel like he had to... had to *prove* himself as better or even simply just *as good* as the larger mech was.

Because Thunderclash was effortlessly perfect, and Rodimus had to *try* to be. Had to try to measure up, rather than being so immediately adaptable on the fly. He squared his shoulders, meeting Thunderclash's red optics with defiance; with promise that he'd (try to) make this harder than Thunderclash was expecting.

He should have expected the way Thunderclash so easily took his hand as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He scoffed inwardly. Did the mech have *any* shame?

He mustered as much authority, as much *dominion*, as he could in his vocalizer, and tried for a similar set of airs; like he was staring down his nose even though he was really looking up.

"I called you here *now* because I needed *assistance* now. I've dampened my sensors enough for the next century while trying to keep this at bay, thank you very much."

Thunderclash's optics widened.

"*Rodimus!*"

The admonishment sounding chiding, and worried, and Rodimus shoved the insecurity that risked binding him like a snare aside. He waved his other hand dismissively.

"Stupid, I know, but I had stuff to do, alright? And I didn't intend to include 'being off my aft in heat' in any of it."

He'd be the first to admit that his heat hit him hard – hard enough to feel the initial blossoms of it unfurling in his gut and twining around his spark within the first hour. It was normal for speedsters and jets; coupled with Rodimus's own ability, which made his core temperature higher by default to begin with, it hit him faster, and it hit him harder, and didn't dissipate so easily. He'd barely touched himself when it began aside from self-servicing in his washracks a couple times to deal with the most brutal of the charge – and his components still felt primed and ready. His body was ready and willing to grasp whatever came in contact. He'd had to force *himself* to get distracted with other things, compared to how distraction usually came naturally.

Rodimus had never gotten more paperwork done in his *life*, and it was all to spite his traitorous valve. The only amusing part of it was imagining Magnus and Megatron's faces when he said he'd torn through his workload from weeks prior to weeks in advance. The least amusing part was knowing that they'd probably end up *expecting* it.

"You could always have an inhibitor placed on your spark," Thunderclash suggested, drawing him back to the present, and Rodimus only visualized kicking him out of his room because he couldn't bring himself to actually do it.

The mech – still blessedly unaware of Rodimus's internal monologues – paused, looking thoughtful.

"Unless that's not a viable option for you, what with your..."

It was Thunderclash's turn to gesture vaguely, but even then it was precise. He aimed it at the pipes on Rodimus's arms as if that explained everything. Weirdly, though, he still held firm to the hand

Rodimus had previously offered like he didn't want to let it go.

"It's *expensive*," Rodimus elaborated, cocking his hip to the side and feeling... validated by how Thunderclash's optics trained themselves to it briefly. "Expensive to get an inhibitor that doesn't *fucking melt into me*."

He batted his optics at the larger mech, coquettish, but voice contrarily snappish. "Is what you were going say?"

"In not so harsh a phrase, yes," Thunderclash admitted. Rodimus tugged on his hand halfheartedly.

"Well, I don't. And it *is* expensive, considering how often you need to replace them. So why don't you just take this for the charity it is, and help me with what you said you were going to?"

It was only after Rodimus said it that the words hit him, and he almost recoiled. Those were exactly kind of words he was afraid of people saying about him. That he thought he was too important – too *expensive* – for the common mech, and like everyone else existed as his personal stepping stones. His *toys*. That scared him just as much as, if not more than, everyone just thinking he was... promiscuous, to put it gently.

He tried to pull his hand back. He was *so* close to just demanding that Thunderclash leave, because God, was he regretting this, but leave it to Thunderclash to not let him, but do it in a way that he was absolutely helpless to fight; he reacted the very moment Rodimus brought his fingers close enough together to pull swiftly free of of the strong but gentle grasp, and laced them together instead.

"You're correct," Thunderclash nodded, and Rodimus's processor was sent into a scramble. Rodimus squinted, and gave another tug.

"A-About?"

God he hoped that Thunderclash wasn't one of *those* types; one who'd enjoy a mech who didn't like him treating him like dirt. Rodimus wasn't sure he'd be able to deal with that right now, or the implications if *that* was why Thunderclash had been tolerating him all this time.

"I promised to help you," once more, Thunderclash's other hand came over Rodimus's, "Not... judge, or interrogate you. It's not my place, and I should trust more strongly in your judgment than I've shown I do in the span of our conversation."

The needlessly antagonistic part of Rodimus wanted to call it an argument, but realizing how one-sided that would make it left a bitter taste in his mouth, like copper additives; heavy, and with a sharper tang the less they were cut with anything else. Even rust sticks weren't that bitter, no. The bitterness felt less like copper by the moment, the more he thought about it, and far more like fiery, ashen *ruin*.

It settled like a film on his glossa, nearly choking him until he swallowed it down.

"I'm sorry." Thunderclash said honestly, helm lowered, and it *hurt*.

He forced his airs back into place, blinking the not-fear from his optics like that would clear the weight on his mind. He scoffed half-heartedly, tucking his other hand back under his arm just to give it something to do so he wouldn't feel so aimless.

"Look, just... quit it, okay?"

Thunderclash looked up, optics wide with surprise, and Rodimus could hardly fathom *why*. Why

was the almighty *Thunderclash* surprised? He didn't do anything wrong. He practically *couldn't*! He just did too much, too often, and too fucking *perfect*, and it incensed him. But there wasn't any need for this!

He chewed the inside of his cheek, optics falling to the floor wherever Thunderclash's pedes weren't to avoid that awed stare. He scraped his dentae over the delicate, sensor-enriched protoform before mustering his words back to his mouth rather than locked in his throat.

"You already give me more credit than most people— " (Too much.) "— so stop... Prostrating yourself just because it seems I didn't like something you said. That's already my thing. Don't think too much of it."

A heavy sigh escaped the other bot, one laden with relief that had Rodimus barely refrained from cringing over. Thunderclash's hands squeezed his minutely, but enough that it snagged Rodimus's attention, bringing his attention up to them, and then to the bot's face. There was a gentle determination there, if determination *could* be gentle.

"I promised to help you," he started, and squeezed Rodimus's hand once more. "So please. *Let me.*"

It was that that finally got him on his berth, laid out under Thunderclash's hands as trepidation wound itself insidiously around his spark. Thunderclash knelt between his thighs, leaving him exposed to hands and optics, but oddly never both at the same time.

Thunderclash smoothed his hands over Rodimus's plating, the off-black of them moving over him with the same languid nature of a drop of ink sliding slowly down a canvas, and the same jarring contrast. They were matte to Rodimus's gloss, and reflected in the sheen. So did the mech's optics, actually, though they never not followed the course of his hands.

The touch was neither too heavy nor too soft, but it took Rodimus longer than he'd like to get comfortable. He was too preoccupied with the exposure. He hadn't even turned off his dampeners to let the foggy gibberish of his protocols materialize properly on his HUD and form the alert they truly were under the fuzz.

He could vaguely make out the gibberish of his heating systems wanting to activate. He scoffed. Yeah. *He bet they did.*

Thunderclash's fingers grazing the plating of his inner thigh had him kicking out on reflex, and Thunderclash looked at him evenly – yet there was still no accusation, no distaste, in his expression – as he lowered Rodimus's pede back down to the berth. Rodimus plastered his hands to his face and debated calling a break and getting out some glue to make it a permanent arrangement.

"Rodimus?" Thunderclash asked.

"Just frag me already," Rodimus mumbled, beyond mortified, into the palms of his hands, "before I regret this."

He could feel the good-natured stare. The thoughtful consideration. The solution-oriented Thunderclash in the middle of his berth with him with his thighs propping Rodimus's up.

"Perhaps it would do better to have you turn off your dampeners slowly. It may make some of this not so jarring for you."

"I can't *help it* if some of my plating's sensitive, Blunders," he hissed, twitching when Thunderclash's thumb stroked down his thigh again. God, that could feel a lot better.

"Your heat protocols are tied closely to the sensors that make things pleasurable, Rodimus. Heat is never supposed to be *unpleasant*. I know you don't want to lose yourself to it, but... slowly?"

Rodimus sucked in a breath through the corner of his mouth, begrudgingly nodding and laying back again as Thunderclash roamed a hand up his stomach to his chest. He laid his hands on his abdomen, wincing as he carefully adjusted the sensors from a brutal 5% to an unkind-but-better 30% at a slow pace.

Gradually, the feeling of Thunderclash's hand stopped feeling like pins and needles only present for the sake of letting him know that something was touching him, and the hand gently rubbing his thigh began to feel... better. Something he could almost relax into, but not relax into like a good bath. Relax into more like snow; cold, miserable, and wet most of the time but bearable, and more tolerable as heat began to amplify the 'good' of it. He let out a huff, turning his head to the side.

"Better?" Thunderclash asked.

Rodimus pressed his lips thin, fighting back rolling his optics behind their shut lids. "They're not up *that* high."

The large hand slid down his calve and the wide armor covering it, and then down to his pede while Thunderclash indulgently replied, "I'm aware. I'm just checking up on you."

The speedster snorted, turning the sensors up a little more.

It was better now, as they neared an even fifty. His thighs still felt hypersensitive, and he tried to ignore how he could actually *feel* his protocols urging his lubrication systems into more conscious action because of it, but there was no denying that it felt better. Almost *good*, he might have dared to say as he slid the percentage higher more and more carefully. Until this point, Rodimus had simply been monitoring it by making sure he wasn't leaking onto whatever was under him so that he wasn't making a mess of himself. The only other proof he'd had was the times that he *needed* to bring himself off, when focus hadn't been gracing him otherwise.

All the while, Thunderclash continued to caress him in what was simultaneously too gentle and too free-flowing to be considered a massage. It was, however, as appreciative as it was aimless, and now that he could actually feel it for what it was and not as small shocks and harsh pain, Rodimus felt himself begin to heat up. First it spread across his face, and then it started branching out, curling in little tendrils down his chest to constrict his ventilations.

There were times when Thunderclash would put a little extra pressure and rub his thumbs into Rodimus's plating like he was giving a massage, but it was rare. He seemed to much prefer light touches, and kept a consistent weight to them so it was almost like a treat, and very much like a...

Like...

Like a *tease*.

Yes. That was it. Thunderclash was *teasing him*! He had to be!

His sensors now set closer to eighty than seventy, Rodimus found that he couldn't help but pant just a little bit. He was definitely not unaffected anymore.

"S... Stop," he hissed, and he felt Thunderclash's hands still where they had been smoothing over the armor of his calve without hesitation. His knee joint was supported by the cradle of Thunderclash's hand, and the heat of it was starting to become dizzying.

"Rodimus?"

Rodimus glowered at him, chewing into his lip, and Thunderclash blinked at him. A slight flush spread across the large mech's face and most noticeably over his nasal bridge and high in his cheeks where the superficial layer protecting their protoform was often thinnest.

"TTTToying with me," Rodimus breathed, and almost couldn't believe the pace his protocols were swamping him at. He could feel the air produced by vents in Thunderclash's sides as though it was a solid touch against him, and as his systems settled and adjusted to this level of exposure, even Thunderclash just *holding* his plating felt good. Like it was what he'd been missing all this time.

This was 80%. *Just* 80%.

What the hell was 100% supposed to be, if that was the standard he'd dropped from in the first place?

Loathe as he was to admit it, Thunderclash might have been right. Going slow was definitely safer, rather than cutting them off cold turkey. He sent the command to lock his protocols where they were, just as he realized that Thunderclash was smiling at him almost indulgently. Like he was particularly... *charmed*, or something. What a weirdo.

He lifted his other leg, toeing Thunderclash directly over his autobrand.

"Y-You look like a dope," he huffed, semi-complacent in laying back as he watched-slash-allowed Thunderclash to lower the limb again. It was the same that had lashed out at him before, and the mech stared at it fondly before turning that gentle smile back on him.

"I promise you, I'm not," he said calmly, and ran both hands slowly up Rodimus's thighs, thumbs trailing over the insides in such a way that had Rodimus biting back a whine. "I can say with great certainty that I'm simply... hmm." Thunderclash laughed, softly, lifting one hand to smooth it over Rodimus's side. "Honored. I suppose."

The color showing through the gold of Thunderclash's faceplate – turning it an almost brassy tone – was a little darker, more evenly spread across the highs of his cheeks.

Rodimus scowled ineffectually at him.

"Saying 'I suppose' sort of cancels out that 'great certainty' thing, Blunder."

He did his best impression of the bot's timbre both times he mimicked him, and Thunderclash's optics relaxedly fell shut as his shoulders shook on a soft laugh that he almost delicately chewed his lip to muffle.

"I suppose it does."

The scowl stuck for a moment, but soon wavered as Thunderclash's other hand smoothed further up his thigh, brushing the very *edge* of where his plating ended and the vital joint cables became exposed, flusteringly close to his panels even though Thunderclash was clearly avoiding them.

'Disappointing, honestly,' he thought, but he dismissed the notion as quickly as it came. This wasn't supposed to be something for his *enjoyment*. It was a means to an end; a end he simply... needed Thunderclash's help to get to. That was it.

The broad mech more openly massaged the taxed cables hidden underneath the plating of Rodimus's sides, soothing what drawn discomfort there was with his careful but precise touches. It wasn't uncommon for a mech's entire frame to become sore when in heat, what with all systems working

towards the same goal of trying to work out the painful charge, and it was the same reason some mechs felt honestly better in the aftermath.

It was like a systems purge, burning a high charge through a mech's frame to burn out any bad code or outdated protocol, and it was only their own physiology that made it so closely connected to their interfacing systems – being one of the only places aside from their spark that could release such a significant charge both smoothly and safely. It was like high end maintenance, but one that medics didn't need to perform provided a mech was healthy enough to undergo their heat or rut.

There was also the point of making the systems more efficiently primed for kindling, of course. Rodimus just preferred to keep that topic as far from his mind as possible when preparing to go for a tumble in the berth, especially with a mech he wouldn't even have considered for a partner outside of complete and absolute necessity.

It was hard not to relax under the ministrations to his frame though. Thunderclash's thumbs were rubbing his chestplates near his collar gently but incessantly. Rodimus tipped his helm back at the mech's silent request, granting him access to reach the support cables of his throat, and he couldn't help the soft gasp that escaped him as the touch reached the underside of his jaw. He clamped a hand over his mouth, glaring at the red-opticked mech as though daring him to do something that good again.

Thunderclash simply flashed another one of those (probably) award-winning smiles of his, lifting himself from where he'd been bracing himself on his hand next to Rodimus's frame so he could better survey Rodimus.

"How are you?" Thunderclash asked, voice light.

'Charged as pit, you slagger,' Rodimus thought. He was squirming, trying harder and harder to ignore how his frame *did* feel lighter now that this cables and mechanisms weren't grinding taut every time he moved or shifted. Even more than that, he was fighting to ignore how much better it felt to have his dampeners not turned on nearly so high.

"*Fine*," was what came out, and he cursed the strain in his voice.

The look of gentle satisfaction that crossed the mech's features in response *really* shouldn't have done so much for him. It was like someone turned up the wattage of Thunderclash's pre-existing smile, and that excess transferred to places within Rodimus that it had no right being, no matter how good it felt. The excess color hadn't completely shifted from Thunderclash's faceplates as he brought his hands down to settle warmly on Rodimus's hips, either, and that sure was a thing that also made him feel in some type of way that he wasn't exactly happy about.

"I was hoping it would help, even by the smallest measure," the bot admitted, "but I wasn't sure."

Rodimus lifted his hips by the smallest fraction, trying to alleviate some of the pressure building behind his panels and... and maybe spur Thunderclash into greater action? He wasn't sure – didn't want to be sure, more like – but that was what it felt like.

"Should've guessed you knew how to do something like this."

"Just something I picked up in my travels."

The speedster eyed him. "You're *all* about helping." There was that bitterness again. It still didn't feel as right as it usually did. Not nearly so justified.

Thunderclash blinked. "Well, as are you. You always respond to any distress calls we pick up,

Rodimus. It's wonderful. You're always trying to help others and benefit our cause. "

Thunderclash looked down to the placement of his hands, fingers rubbing idle circles on the Prime's hips. The touch remained tasteful, even if – for Rodimus – it was buildup.

"It's wonderful," Thunderclash said again, softly, and almost to himself.

Rodimus stared. He stared until he had force himself to swallow down any feelings or smart-aft comments rising his throat and threatening escape. How was he even supposed to respond to any of that? Thunderclash was the war hero here; Rodimus answering a distress call now and then didn't get *rid* of all the other stupid things he'd done – all the things for his own amusement, and fun, while the rest of the crew did their bloody jobs. Rodimus's first response, upon finding himself in heat, was to lock himself up without any word to anyone else and try and *stunt* himself, and here fucking *Thunderclash* was – *the* Thunderclash – telling him it was wonderful. That *he* was–

Rodimus's optics widened and he face burned like his fire was trying to escape *it* instead of his spoilers. *Clearly*, he was overthinking things. Hastily, he pulled his legs back from where they had come to rest on Thunderclash's thighs.

"I want to be on my front," Rodimus said curtly by way of explanation before Thunderclash could open his dumb mouth again and leave him speechless once more.

Without waiting for a reply, he gingerly arranged himself on his hands and knees and reached down to coax his panels back with the aid of a careful touch. He bowed his head forward, relaxing his neck and digging his fingers into the pad of his berth, knowing that at least this way, he wouldn't have to look at that stupid smile or that stupid blush. Whatever else he endured, at least there wouldn't be any more of *that* nonsense.

One hand settled gently on the bow of his back while the other found his hip once more.

Rodimus grit his dentae, still trying to force the lingering heat from his faceplates.

"Hurry *up*."

"You're comfortable like this?"

The question was just that; a question – not dubious, simply concerned. Concerned with his comfort, like Thunderclash had been this entire time. Rodimus chalked it up to basic decency in an attempt to keep his brain from thinking more of it than there actually was.

"Yes, yes, just hurry. *Up*." Before his embarrassment burnt him out of his plating before his heat did.

The touch that met his valve wasn't what he was expected – although perhaps he *should have*. Two of Thunderclash's fingers met the folds of his valve, just as careful and gentle as Thunderclash had been throughout their 'meeting' thus far. It was force of will alone that kept his hips from jumping as the mech traced the pliant mesh and the biolights set around and in his valve lips. The touches slowly grew more confident, growing in their controlled pressure until fleeting glances of fingers turned into more focused, firmer caresses against delicate protoform. They continued that way until Thunderclash was cradling Rodimus's aft as his fingers continued their exploration.

Thunderclash avoided his node for the most part – he seemed to prefer to massage the soft, sensitive protoform of the folds and just beside them instead. His thumb grazed Rodimus's entrance only occasionally, as if testing it before he would back off again to rub any resulting lubrication over the speedster's array.

It wasn't unlike what Thunderclash had done with the rest of his frame, albeit more cautiously, like he was afraid to cause Rodimus the slightest amount of pain because of any mistakes. Rodimus just did his best to control his ventilations; the touches finally being where he wanted them was driving him a little mad, even as his heat protocols practically gobbled them up. The coding was relentless, urging his calipers to cycle down on nothing; for more lubricant to slip out from between his folds to further aid Thunderclash's quest.

Two fingers rubbed up the length of his array, slicking lubricant down and around and then finally over his node in a way that had Rodimus trying once again to muffle himself. Any gasp or – even worse – moan that might escape needed to be hoarded jealously, lest it give him away. He ended up chewing his lip viciously as a high sound threatened escape, because that felt too damned good to be even remotely legal. Thunderclash was playing off the sensitivity of the bead of sensors – with the right amount of care, even the smallest amount of lubricant could help bring intense pleasure, taking it from something that could be almost abrasive otherwise into something that was just... just...

His processor supplied things like 'great', and 'awesome', and 'spectacular'. Rodimus stuck to his guns with just 'good', and chose against giving Thunderclash even *that* much credit out loud.

"Hurry up," Rodimus mumbled again after extracting his teeth from his lip and attempting to soothe the ache with his glossa.

Thunderclash tested some fingers against him obligingly, though he still seemed to be in no rush; the slick pair that had been massaging his node began pressing and spreading his folds away from his needy entrance, but that was the extent of his obedience. Rodimus ground his dentae again, positive that he'd grind them entirely to powder at this rate if Thunderclash didn't pick up the pace.

"I don't need *fingers*," he snapped. He looked back, fully intent on giving the bot a proper chewing out, but faltered at what he saw.

Thunderclash was looking at him sternly, his expression twisted with pain that bordered too closely to being easily mistaken for disgust. He looked conflicted, but Rodimus couldn't understand why.

"W-What?"

"I'm not hurting you, Rodimus."

Rodimus stared, confused. "B-But you're not?"

Thunderclash glanced back down at the speedster's array, pressing his two fingers carefully against him – slowly *into* him – and Rodimus had to bring his head back down, venting hard through his mouth at the unexpected pressure and stimulation. It was nothing like his own fingers, or the toys he'd carefully hidden in his room to avoid being found if Whirl ever broke in or Skids accidentally fell through the ceiling. He swallowed hard, biting shallowly into his lip once more.

"I *know* I'm not, but I *could*," Thunderclash continued. He only began shifting his fingers minutely once he was sure that Rodimus's calipers had adjusted enough around them. When he spoke again, his voice was harder, set with resolve. "I refuse to risk it. I have no doubt in you, but that's not something I could bear. You deserve far better."

Stupid, stupid Thunderclash, with his stupid stupid consideration and shit, and taking anything Rodimus could say away from him before he could even think of letting it out.

He had turned over so he wouldn't have to see Thunderclash's face. He was determined to avoid the risk of wanting to kiss him, because he *knew* how clingy heat made him. It was just as much that as

making sure that Thunderclash wouldn't have to see *his*, of course, but would he have to dampen his audials too to avoid hearing this and getting so... *so*...!

"...Fine," he muttered. "J-Just give me warning before you... *you know*."

Stupid Thunderclash, making him feel like a newbuild.

"Of course." He didn't have to look at Thunderclash to know he'd nodded.

Thunderclash's touches continued to be gentle but firm, with just enough pressure to satisfy and coax his calipers into relaxing; if Rodimus had to admit that there was any use Thunderclash's hands had aside from being stupidly big, this was it. He scissored his fingers into Rodimus, stretching him carefully and sparking small jolts of sustained pleasure through the speedster's array before just as carefully starting to move them in and out of him. It was almost underhanded, how good it felt; the pleasure unfair in how it played over him and risked clouding his processor beyond his control, and Thunderclash was nothing if not thorough, for he was repeating the action near Rodimus's rim before he could even attempt to cry neglect. It seemed a small price to pay, then, to gasp more openly or dignify the larger mech's actions with a moan whenever it was particularly good – like when one of his fingers would press into a deeply set node-cluster in the wall of his valve, for instance.

He warned Rodimus by way of sliding his fingers out of him until only their tips remained within the greedy clutch of his valve to brace himself before resting a third against him. He waited for Rodimus to feel it under the cloud of heat and sensation, waited for a nod and shaky hum of affirmation before sliding it in alongside.

Rodimus was finally feeling the difference in size between them then. He was biting back sound once more as the digits sank in slowly; they were pressed in knuckle by knuckle, Thunderclash stretching him gradually and working Rodimus up to each joint. Eventually he was able to press all three in fully, holding them in place as Rodimus shuddered.

Thunderclash's free hand moved from Rodimus's aft to the base of his spine, his thumb rubbing his struts carefully and soothingly. There was no question of pain, or question if it was good – almost as though Thunderclash knew it was currently neither. He probably did, the perfect slagger, but that was fine because it was simply... a lot, and in a short amount of time, even if Thunderclash was being (painfully, *painfully*) careful. It was a lot, and Rodimus was adjusting, and Thunderclash waited for him.

His calipers adjusted, just as Rodimus knew they would, and he pressed his hips back in a way that had the swollen folds of his valve meeting Thunderclash's knuckles in a mockery of a kiss. Thunderclash smoothed his hand over Rodimus's back once more but gave no other reaction.

"Now?" He asked, and Rodimus nodded, feeling his calipers ripple in anticipation, and dug his fingers harder into the berthpad.

"I-If you would."

The fingers moved, and Thunderclash moved his hand from Rodimus's back. Rodimus could feel him move away from him acutely, the weight on the berth shifting as he instead settled his hand lower. Fingers deftly sought the bright yellow of Rodimus's node to rub the sensor-ridden mesh hiding it amidst his folds without the searing pleasure that would surely hit Rodimus untamed.

'Nothing too overwhelming', Rodimus thought, and scoffed inwardly. *'Sap.'*

The pleasure brought about by those three fingers pressed inside him wasn't insignificant, however,

whatever its source. They mimicked the actions of before, only amplified by the questing touches laid tenderly around his node. Thunderclash scissored him gently as he turned his wrist so his palm would have faced the ceiling – had it not mostly been in him at present – and curled his fingers to scrape the tips of them along the posterior wall of Rodimus's valve.

Overload struck him with unexpected force, forcing a mess of static and binary from the speedster's vocalizer ineloquently and inelegantly, and it was only the sudden shock of it locking his joints that allowed Rodimus to still support himself on his hands.

Thunderclash massaged him through, soothing him until the shaking of his limbs turned only to faint trembling. At some point, the large mech's hand had returned to his back to pet between his shoulders. Perhaps he would have pet higher, had Rodimus explicitly permitted it and knew it was coming beforehand.

Rodimus pressed his lips together, swallowing down oral lubricants and hastily rubbing his mouth with his palm to quickly make sure he hadn't ended up drooling at any point.

"I-I'm good," he breathed, but he didn't know for whose sake. His valve continued to clench around Thunderclash's fingers, at first tense in overload, but now almost... Lazily. A fuzzy feeling filled his array, almost like it was humming – as it was wont to do after a good overload – and Rodimus – feeling almost insecure with how quickly he overloaded – blamed his short fuse on his heat.

Thunderclash was silent, his fingers almost still. Rodimus blinked, glancing to the side, but not fully over his shoulder.

"Clash?"

The fingers twitched.

"O-Of course. My apologies," Thunderclash spoke swiftly, and Rodimus was nearly too lost in the pleasure still humming through his valve – the semi-sated charge of a heat-based overload actually having a place to go – to find the tone of the mech's voice puzzling. It was awed. Taken, almost... Rodimus didn't fully understand why, and shrugged it off as being someone else's problem.

"I'm good," he repeated, and swallowed again. "G-Go ahead."

"I'm going to add another."

Rodimus balked and pushed back on his arm to look over his shoulder incredulously at last.

"How fucking big *is* your spike?"

Thunderclash blinked, pressing his lips thin as his brow furrowed. His only proper response was in glancing away, and Rodimus shuttered his optics, breathing in deep once, and breathing out slowly. He repeated the action before settling back on his arms, relaxing his neck again.

"W-Whatever. Leave it to you, I guess." Thunderclash just had to compete in all categories, didn't he? And he *supposedly* didn't want to hurt Rodimus. "J-Just get a move on, okay?"

"C-Certainly."

Thunderclash could work a little more swiftly in the aftermath of Rodimus's first overload, and swiftly work he did. He remained careful, naturally. Rodimus wasn't sure if he could ever break the mech of that – not that it made a difference, he hastily amended himself before dispelling that thought. He blamed the thought of breaking Thunderclash of *any* of his interface habits solely on his

heat, and was determined to leave it at that.

It was a one time deal, after all – even if Rodimus supposed he *could* call on the larger mech again if his heat hit him again any time soon.

... Rodimus blamed that thought on his heat as well.

Perhaps the mech's speed was also spurred on by Rodimus actually becoming something of a willing participant; he was rolling his hips lightly against the four fingers carefully inside him and consciously relaxing his frame with aid of his breathing, which undoubtedly bolstered Thunderclash's confidence that he was doing well. That part hadn't been so intentional, but that overload had actually and honestly helped relieve some of the pressure and strain he'd been under. All of the half-aft overloads before by his toys and own hands seemed like little more than some badly written prologue.

No longer did his internals feel tangled in insidious knots. Even though his body still twitched and jolted slightly whenever Thunderclash came into even brief contact with anything remotely good, his body was finally responding more in pleasure than pins-and-needles pain. The stretch realistically *shouldn't* have been comfortable, but the time the mech was taking made it so. Frustratingly so. How dare the mech be so *good* at this? Rodimus had had people *actually* put their entire hand in him, and it had never been this good! Those mechs had been even *smaller* than Thunderclash to begin with, but the two were nowhere near comparable!

... They also hadn't so carefully warmed him up with touches before, he supposed. They *certainly* hadn't overloaded him before trying something like this, making Rodimus feel like he was dripping like a damn faucet all over his berth as they wound him up more and more.

That thought might have been a bit gross to think about, had Thunderclash not been keeping the actual mess contained. He was using Rodimus's own lubricants to guide the motions of his hands, shifting his fingers *just so* within Rodimus to catch them in his palm when he could and whisking them back up to the center of his array with his other hand – which was still occupied with rubbing gentle circles around his node – when he couldn't. Yes, if not for that, he was positive that he'd be making far more of a mess; he'd be slick down to his *knees* and mortified and wanting to call this whole thing off–

He felt Thunderclash shift behind him, a semi-slick hand finding Rodimus's hip again as he felt the mech's weight grow closer, shadowing him.

"May I continue?" The mech asked, and it took Rodimus a moment to acknowledge with how... how *affected* Thunderclash sounded, his vocalizer registering as a deep tenor – slightly tight – rather than the clear enunciation brought from higher in his chest. He felt his face burn and his valve clench hard around broad fingers in response.

"Mmn– y-yeah. Yeah, alright," Rodimus mumbled, fighting off the shiver that threatened his shoulder struts.

He brought his chin to his chest, chewing the inside of his cheek with a split second whimper as Thunderclash drew his fingers out of him slowly, fingers curled just a little, as though the mech wanted his touch to linger longer than it already had. It left the nodes he'd ignited in the process pulsing tumultuously in their wake.

He made sure to keep his head down, shutting his optics so he wouldn't be tempted to look as the signature sound that accompanied any of Thunderclash's transformations – major or minor – broke the relative quiet of the room, accompanied only by the higher whirr of Rodimus's fans, and the low-

pitched hum of Thunderclash's more heavy-duty engines. Thunderclash made a bitten-off sort of noise, also, and that caught Rodimus's attention too. When he realized the obvious reason for it, he felt rather vindicated.

Hell yes, he wasn't the only one being affected by this, Blundercrash; suck it!

The feeling didn't last long, for Thunderclash's other fingers returned to Rodimus's plating a moment later, holding him steady while something thick prodded at his pliant valve. His hand pressed against Rodimus's aft as he carefully guided his spike with his thumb, rubbing once or twice by way of silent warning until Rodimus mumbled his okay – and then it was pressing inside.

It wasn't an all at once affair, but Rodimus almost wished it was. If it was more like pulling off a medi-patch than... than Thunderclash fragging him *inch by inch*, maybe he would have been okay.

As it was, Thunderclash was going as slow as ever; first with just the head of his spike, until Rodimus's calipers did less spasming at the intrusion and more *clutching* instead, and then he would push in a little more, teasing Rodimus with the next inch or so. And then the next, and the next, until Rodimus clutched and twisted handfuls of his berth pad fitfully, elbow joints feeling as weak as his knees did with just... just... just *everything*. He was almost (an understatement) grateful at how long Thunderclash had taken before; how much preparation had actually been done even though he'd been feeling like he was going to die of embarrassment and impatience. Rodimus still felt like he was going to die of embarrassment at some point – whether during or after was real question – but at least he felt grateful *now*.

Grateful, and a little more relaxed and... and...

"*Primus*," he whimpered, the sound high and his ventilations shaky as he felt his aft finally bump slightly against Thunderclash's hips. It had to be some sort of miracle that he hadn't torn holes into his berth from all the sensations swamping him at once!

Thunderclash really hadn't been joking, or overstating the importance of taking care of him. His calipers fluttered greedily around Thunderclash's spike; the tip of it was just barely grazing one of the ceiling nodes located just before the entrance of his forge, and the thick base was giving something for those set closer to his valve rim something to find purchase against as well. The ridges were comfortably rounded, not sharp like some spikes – just enough to catch against the other clusters of sensors, and enough for his calipers to have space to shift and strain and...

He was making small sounds, he realized belatedly. He pressed his lipplates together tightly, thinly, and bit the protoform with his dentae to lock those down even as he shuddered bodily. He could feel the warm, steady stream of heat produced by the vents located further down Thunderclash's abdomen ghosting over his back, could hear the breaths Thunderclash took through his mouth. His fingers swirled gently over Rodimus's hips, and he breathed in deeply before he spoke.

"T-Tell me when," the large mech murmured, and brought a hand to stroke gently up and down Rodimus's spinal strut. "I don't... I don't want to hurt you by mistake."

Rodimus extricated his dentae from the insides of his lips because while he didn't want to give anything else away, he also couldn't not answer.

"You won't..." It didn't feel like Thunderclash *could*. "I'll tell you if you have to stop... Just... *Move*," he tried to hiss, but it came out like a keen as he rocked his hips back gingerly. "B-Before I come back there and do it myself."

He could hear Thunderclash's fans blare for a moment then, uninhibited, before they came to an

abrupt stop – as if the mech had forced them to slow.

"Y-Yes sir."

Thunderclash pulled out part way before thrusting back inside, warming Rodimus up again like he had before but with just a little more speed, a little more assurance, until he was pulling out almost completely with every thrust. It seemed like he was only bottoming out fully when he knew it would get Rodimus to gasp or bite the sound back, too – when he knew it would get a jump and Rodimus's aft pushing itself instinctively against his pelvic plating. His spike ground against Rodimus's nodes, leaving them clutching greedily before being abruptly and utterly fulfilled, his valve clenching around the contact and throbbing at its loss no matter how swiftly it returned.

Thunderclash found his tempo, and Rodimus could only try to brace himself and hold back his noises beyond small, pleased gasps, the occasional whimper, and even rarer outright moan. His shoulders shook, elbows feeling weak and his palms almost feeling numb because of how long he'd been holding himself up on them, and the conditions he'd been holding himself up *under*.

It was when Thunderclash shifted his hips, turning Rodimus's slightly downwards and finding one of Rodimus's rarely stimulated ceiling nodes, that one his arms finally caved The speedster cried out probably the loudest he'd had in their session as pleasure filled him, and it was only Thunderclash's hand shooting out to catch him that kept Rodimus from landing flat on his face a second later.

It was hard to say if that might have been preferable to the feeling of the mech's presence like a heavy weight just shy of his back though.

Rodimus's mouth worked, trying to say... say something. He wasn't sure what. Maybe dismiss any sentimental goop that Thunderclash wanted to let spill – but instead, all that came out was gasps and a single weak moan that he chewed on his cheek to muffle as the mech carefully coaxed him to lower himself further onto his berth.

"Rest your arms," Thunderclash said softly, voice almost husky with strain. He rocked his hips gently, and his spike found the nodes along the back wall of Rodimus's valve that his fingers had been finding earlier again with unerring accuracy.

Fuck earlier Rodimus, honestly. How the hell was *this* position better? It was only better in theory; in reality, it left him feeling open and exposed and–

It felt like a mating. A breeding, to be exact, especially when Thunderclash settled one hand under Rodimus to brace the bow of his waist and the other next to him for his own support. The thought made Rodimus's faceplates burn. He was overthinking things again. Really, really badly overthinking things. Like hell Thunderclash was breeding him, and Rodimus didn't dare let him, more for the sake of any sparklings than his own because Primus could Thunderclash's paint job look tacky at times, and that *insignia* –

He let out a high, mortified keen at the thought, and even more at rush of *want* that tore through him. His valve clenched and his fans pushed out rippling heatwaves in a vain attempt to cool his frame. Was it too much to hope that it would just crumble him to dust and carry him in the breeze?

That was enough of that. That was *really* enough of that; Rodimus brought his hips back hard just as Thunderclash's pace seemed to stutter in preparation to slow. He was probably going to ask Rodimus what was wrong like some... some...

His heated processor, attempting to ever outweigh his logical mind, offered words again, and Rodimus mentally shot them down with all due swiftness.

"Rodimus?" Thunderclash asked anyways, his fingers smoothing over Rodimus's (flat, and it was *staying* that way) abdomen in a way his processor all but gobbled up.

"H-Hurry up," Rodimus mumbled again, pressing his face against the berth pad.

His voice was strained and he could feel the pressure building; the raw, aching hunger in the way his calipers gripped the spike within him desperately every time the mech drew his hips back was really starting to take its toll, and despite Thunderclash's best efforts, he could start to feel his own lubricant drip down his front.

Rodimus He brought his arm down, fingers seeking his spike panel, but couldn't help but concede when Thunderclash gently nudged it away to rub gently over the housing himself.

His spike extending did little to aid in relieving the pressure roiling inside him, and would do little to help his heat in general, but he always found that it helped the burn; it would make his overload gentler on his frame and keep it from bordering on too much before it even hit. That would have to be enough.

He balled his hands into fists as Thunderclash began to carefully work his spike over, and turned his face against the padding under him to allow the berth to swallow any noises that escaped.

It was frustrating, knowing that Thunderclash was the one to bring him to this point, and equally embarrassing, but it was getting to just be so good that he couldn't bring himself to be even slightly cross. He surrendered to knowing that his frustration swelled from his embarrassment rather than his – petty, he knew – dislike of the mech, and half-sobbed as Thunderclash switched gears to seek out his node again, toying with the nub carefully before returning to his spike once more. He could see the mech's other hand tighten in the berth from the corner of his optic; could hear the moans he made and feel the warm air he was pumping out blast over his own overheated frame.

Giving up a shred of his pride, Rodimus whined, "Thunders, *please!*"

As he did so, he reached to grasp blindly at what he could see of the mech's wrist. He didn't even know what he was asking for. An overload, certainly, but he didn't know what else. He just knew that the closer he got, the more raw and exposed he felt, and he needed something, *anything* that would alleviate it. His frame thrummed with charge, making him feel simultaneously sensitive and weak as he continued to urge the mech to pound him.

Thunderclash had gone quiet, but it was only when Rodimus turned his helm to rest on his forearm and look back at the mech that he realized *why*. At some point, Thunderclash had begun to bite at his own lips, and had shuttered his optics. His features were twisted in concentration, and his vents were blasting air because Thunderclash was *keeping himself quiet and unobtrusive* while simultaneously exerting effort to please Rodimus utterly.

Rodimus didn't have long to look, to try and understand, before Thunderclash – still somehow so careful, even without looking – slammed his hips back against Rodimus and all but threw him into another overload.

It was the one he'd been waiting for all this time – the one that had him close to *screaming* with relief and pleasure alike. It was the only thing that would serve as a balm for the suffering of the past couple of days, as well as satisfy what he'd already endured in his heat. The pleasure clawed at him and felt like it was burning him white-hot, rather ironically like it was singing him from the inside out, but in no time at all became just and only pleasure, with no pain besides the muted ache in his components.

All consuming as it was, it was to no one's surprise that it made him fall strutless against the berth as the brunt of it tapered off.

He felt Thunderclash start to slow, saw his hand tensed to what looked like the point of pain. Rodimus played his fingers shakily over the mech's wrist, fighting back fatigue as he did.

"K-Keep going," he urged, wetting his suddenly dry mouth. He felt Thunderclash still, but this time it felt less like he was going to stop, and more like he was surprised. He rocked his hips back, keening at the stimulation. "I can take another."

It was only something of a lie, but he wasn't ready to admit to taking any form of mercy on the larger mech.

The sound of the mech's voice, wrecked from disuse and restraint, sent enough of a charge through him to cover any of his doubt. "...Y-Yes. Yes, certainly."

By the time Thunderclash finished, filling Rodimus with hot transfluid and coaxing the speedster into another – albeit smaller – overload, Rodimus was nearly in recharge from equal parts exhaustion and contentment. He was barely there and hardly felt Thunderclash's shaky hands tracing the knuckles of his fingers in the aftermath and he was out like a light when the trailing touch brushed over the fins of his helm just before drawing back, restrained, and the companionable weight left his berth.

It was a pale light in the dark of his room that woke Rodimus next, and he nearly decided to simply roll over and sleep the disturbance off until he remembered that he'd never shut off his lights to begin with. So what could it be?

He blinked the recharge out of his optics, feeling oddly clean as he wiggled in the cocoon of the blankets wrapped around him. He remembered that he'd discarded them before calling Thunderclash, but didn't remember winding himself up in them when all was said and done.

A hand brushed his shoulder through the cocoon, and he squinted through the light he was still attempting to adjust to.

"I'm sorry," came a voice, quiet, like whoever was speaking didn't want to disturb him further just in case he wasn't completely awake. "Did I wake you?"

It took Rodimus an embarrassingly long time to register who it was. He supposed Thunderclash hadn't left like he'd thought he had, though he couldn't fathom a reason for why that would be. He wrestled an arm out of the blankets so that he could run his thumb and fingers over his optical shutters. He squinted up at the large mech afterward, looking him over where he was reclining against the wall behind his berth with one of Rodimus's (previously) discarded pillows at his lower back; another padded his hip where Rodimus's head had previously been.

"What are you doing here, Thunders?"

The usual degree of venom didn't saturate his words, and he didn't have it in him to think much of it. He eyed the door from the corner of his optic, a keen sense of worry washing over him.. Had the mech left at *all*? Surely he must have been tempted to tell at least *someone*....

Thunderclash simply seemed to... brighten, for lack of a better term, and his optics, evidently dimmed to keep himself from emitting too much light, brightened also. He lifted the hand he didn't have tucked around Rodimus, showing off the datapad he held. It was a crisp blue, not unlike the ones Magnus presented to him, and the ones Rodimus had been tuckering away at in his previous attempts to stave off heat.

"I wanted to make sure you were alright, after everything. I was worried when you..." Thunderclash faltered, "*well...*"

Rodimus stared at him, his chest feeling... fuzzy. So Thunderclash had been the one clean up their mess and to bundle him up like this... Probably to maintain his temperature so he didn't hurt himself from rapid cooldown.

Rodimus hummed, waving the mech on before that thought could really sink in.

"Ultra Magnus lent me this— or, rather, *Minimus* did."

Still no explanation. Rodimus inclined his helm to peek, which was apparently enough prompting for Thunderclash to tell him what was on it instead of letting him strain his optics.

"It's poetry," Thunderclash said softly. "I hadn't had the chance to read it yet, but I figured that now would be— "

"Good a time as any," Rodimus yawned, watching as Thunderclash bit his lip slightly, nodding. Was he... *embarrassed*?

Hm.

Rodimus flopped back down, crowding the blankets in around himself again, cutting Thunderclash off before he could speak (and Rodimus knew he was going to; he'd heard the small vocalization from the bot's vocalizer, the one he always seemed to make at things unexpected.).

"Read me some." He shuttered his optics so he wouldn't have to look at the mech's surprised face for any longer than necessary. "Just be here when I wake back up, yeah?"

"O-Of course..."

Rodimus snuggled further against the bot, clutching the blankets close as Thunderclash began to speak softly. He let the words wash over him, listening less to them than the sound of the other mech's voice, which was pitched low and careful and soothing. Rodimus sighed, free of tension.

He supposed this hadn't been the *worst decision he'd ever made*.

End Notes

~~BUT WHO WAS SUCKING DICK IN THE ENGINE ROOM??????~~

Alternate title: What A Time To Realize The Kinks You Didn't Know You Had Huh Roddy.

Alternate alternate title: THUNDERCLASH IS A GOOD GOOD BOY AND ALSO CRUSHING BADLY HELP HIM HE'S SO IN LOVE

[@krokkadile](#) on tumblr if you wanna hmu!!! Thank you yet again to the lovely [@dinobotglitch](#) for being a wonderful beta!

The "Blundercrash" nickname is an appreciative shout out to [herzspalter and their super cute Thunderrod comic!](#) Look how cute they draw Thunders wow I die

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!